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her, which were earlier in vogue. Considering the estimation in which she was held by his contemporaries, the character that Shakspeare assigns her partakes of something approximating to a proper appreciation, for he begins the play by representing her as inspired by heaven, and only corrupted by the demon of ambition afterwards. She pays for her temerity by losing the control of her spirits, who no longer obey her summons, and she is accordingly easily captured. Shakspeare is evidently quite captivated with a woman of her deeds, and spares no denunciation of her unholy judges. The Bastard in introducing her to the King, exclaims:

"The spirit of deep prophecy, she hath;"

while it is her enemy, Talbot, who calls her "a wretch and damned sorceress."

Joan stated at her trial, that it was her satisfaction never to have killed an enemy, and that she prepared to lead with her in-offensive standard, rather than with her sword. This, I account a trait in her character of marked importance, and her repugnance to such unfeminine deeds, considering her vocation and career, as suggestive of great dramatic power. Yet her delineators have all discarded the fact. Even if they desired to represent her as a virago, Mrs. Siddons, we think, was right in contending, that Lady Macbeth was all the more terrible in a person of frail and slender frame. Schiller makes Talbot fall by her hand, and renders her inexorable to the prayer of Montgomery. Southey makes her flash—

"Her fiery falchion through the troops,
That like the thunderbolt where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks."

History records that she turned at the sight of blood, and went over the field succoring the fallen foe. Southey paints it thus—

"She, stooping to the stream, reflected there,
Saw her white plume stained with human blood,
Shuddering, she saw, but soon her steady soul collected."

Shakspeare awards her a patriotism, that ill accords with the idea of a witch, and her language to the recalcitrant Burgundy, is worthy of a place in Schiller's higher appreciation of her—

"Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou, thyself, hast given her woful breast!
O! turn thy edged sword another way:
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears
And wash away thy country's stained spots."

MYSELF.—What point in her career shall you choose for your picture?

THE ARTIST.—I have found great difficulty in selecting one, that should give the greatest impressiveness to her character, and yet be true to most of her qualities. I rather recoil from any representation of her as a leader of soldiers, although should I decide upon that I would by no means give

her a physique of more than ordinary feminine development. History says she was delicate, and I think the great charm of the statue by Mary of Wirtemberg, is the sensitive frame and modest air that is discernible under her rapt devotional heroism. Black ringlets falling upon her shoulders, accord with the traditional account of her, but it will require great skill to prevent their asserting a degree of sensuality, that I would by no means have apparent. Southey's description has not the definiteness of painting, but is conceived, I think, in the right spirit:

"There was no bloom of youth
Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues
Of health with lesser fascinations fixed
The gazer's eye; for wan the maiden was,
Of saintly fullness, and there seemed to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly."

As for historical authority, you will find in De Serres, that "she had a modest countenance, sweet, civil and resolute; her discourse was temperate, reasonable and retired, her actions cold, showing great chastity."

I am inclined to think that the true dignity of her character could hardly be better expressed than by the scene of her trial at Rouen. That of her martyrdom, as she stood there upon the kindling pile, in the view of thousands, before the pavilion of her judges, gazing rapturously upon a rude cross that a soldier had hastily formed of a broken spear, is a scene to excite emotions, but the thought of torture. I would were away from all attempts in art. I prefer the trial, as we are too much engaged with the energetic dignity of the maid, to think of the certain consequences. I do not believe she ever made the recantation ascribed to it. Our only authority for such is the word of her accusers and enemies, and I hold it of little worth.

NOTE.—In the exhibition now open in the Boston Athenæum, there is a painting by Ducis (about 24 by 18 inches), representing Joan, bound to a column by a chain from her girdle, and sitting on the edge of a rude bed in her prison at Rouen. While she slept, her female clothes (which her judge had forbidden her to change for her male apparel under penalty), had been removed, and a man's armor and sword substituted. The moment chosen is when she wakes, finds the armor, and grasping the sword and helm, she contemplates the accompaniments of her former glory with rapture, and too greatly tempted, is about to clothe herself in them. A scribe sits in the shadow of the column watching her, and noting down her expressions. Two others and one of the bishops are holding converse behind him, with uplifted finger, and lurking tyranny in the eye. The moment chosen is a happy one, we think, and would have met the artist's approval, reminding us effectually both of her martyrdom and triumphs; but he would hardly have consented to the physique of the maid, which is too gross and somewhat sensual, and rather Amazonian in the limbs, as their appearance, as well as the slight manner in which she holds up the heavy steel casque, would signify. The half-open mouth is here, as almost always a failure; and the figure throughout seems to lack the charm of that peculiar feminine sensitiveness, which was so allied with her fortitude and daring. The painting belongs to Mr. William Hunt, and was formerly in the gallery of the late Col. Perkins of Boston.

THE LOST TITIAN.

The last touch was laid on. The great painter stood opposite the masterpiece of the period: the masterpiece of his life.

Nothing remained to be added. The orange drapery was perfect in its fruitlike intensity of hue; each vine leaf was carved, each tendril twisted, as if fanned by the soft south wind; the sunshine lapped drowsily every dell and swelling upland; but a ten-fold drowsiness slept in the cedar shadows. Look a moment, and those cymbals must clash, that panther bound forward; draw nearer, and the songs of those ripe, winy lips must become audible.

The achievement of his life glowed upon the easel, and Titian was satisfied.

Beside him, witnesses of his triumph, stood his two friends—Gianni, the successful, and Giannuccione the universal disappointment.

Gianni ranked second in Venice; second in most things, but in nothing first. His *colorito* paled only before that of his illustrious rival, whose supremacy, however, he ostentatiously asserted. So in other matters. Only the renowned Messer Carlino was a more sonorous singer: only fire-eating Prince Barbuto a better swordsman: only Arrigo il Biondo a finer dancer, or more sculptresque beauty: even Caterina Suprema, in that contest of gallantry, which has been celebrated by so many pens and pencils, though she awarded the rose of honor to Matteo Grande, the wit, yet plucked off a leaf for the all but victor Gianni.

A step behind him lounged Giannuccione, who had promised everything, and fulfilled nothing. At the appearance of his first picture—Venus whipping Cupid with feathers plucked from his own wing—Venice rang with his praises, and Titian foreboded a rival: but, when year after year his works appeared still lazily imperfect, though always all but perfect, Venice subsided into apathetic silence, and Titian felt that no successor to his throne had as yet achieved the purple.

So these two stood with the great master in the hour of his triumph: Gianni loud, and Giannuccione hearty, in his applauses.

Only these two stood with him; as yet Venice at large knew not what her favorite had produced. It was indeed rumored that Titian had long been at work on a painting which he himself accounted his masterpiece, but its subject was a secret; and while some spoke of it as an undoubted *Vintage of red grapes*, others maintained it to be a *Dance of wood nymphs*; while one old gossip whispered that, whatever else the painting might contain, she knew whose sunset-colored tresses and white brow would figure in the foreground. But the general ignorance mattered little; for, though words might have named the theme, no words could have described a picture which combined the softness of a dove's breast, with the intensity of an October sunset; a picture of which the light almost warmed, and the fruit actually bloomed and tempted.

Titian gazed upon his work, and was satisfied: Giannuccione gazed upon his friend's work, and was satisfied: only Gianni gazed upon his friend and upon his work, and was enviously dissatisfied.

"To-morrow," said Titian, "to-morrow

Venice shall behold what she has long honored by her curiosity. To-morrow, with music and festivity, the unknown shall be unveiled, and you, my friends, shall withdraw the curtain."

The two friends assented.

"To-morrow," he continued, half-amused, half-thoughtful, "I know whose white brows will be knit, and whose red lips will pout: well, they shall have their turn: but blue eyes are not always in season; hazel eyes, like hazel nuts, have their season also."

"True," chimed the chorus.

"But to-night," he pursued, "let us devote the hours to sacred friendship. Let us with songs and bumpers rehearse to-morrow's festivities, and let your congratulations forestall its triumphs."

"Yes, *evviva*," returned the chorus, briskly, and again, "*evviva*!"

So with smiles and hand-shakes they parted. So they met again at the welcome coming of Argus-eyed night.

The studio was elegant with clusters of flowers, sumptuous with crimson gold-bordered hangings, and luxurious with cushions and perfumes. From the walls peeped pictured fruit and fruit-like faces, between the curtains, and in the corners gleamed moonlight-tinted statues; whilst on the easel reposed the beauty of the evening, overhung by budding boughs, and illuminated by an alabaster lamp burning scented oil. Strewn about the apartment lay musical instruments and packs of cards. On the table were silver dishes filled with leaves and choice fruits; wonderful vessels of Venetian glass, containing rare wines and iced waters; and footless goblets which allowed the guest no choice but to drain his bumper.

That night the bumpers brimmed. Toast after toast was quaffed to the success of to-morrow, the exaltation of the unveiled beauty, the triumph of its author.

At last Giannuccione, flushed and sparkling, rose: "Let us drink," he cried, "to our host's success to-morrow: may it be greater than the past, and less than the future."

"Not so," answered Titian, suddenly: "not so: I feel my star culminate."

He said it gravely, pushing back his seat, and rising from table. His spirits seemed in a moment to flag, and he looked pale in the moonlight. It was as though the blight of the evil eye had fallen upon him.

Gianni saw his disquiet, and labored to remove it. He took a lute from the floor; and tuning it, exerted his skill in music. He wrung from the strings cries of passion, desolate sobs, a wail as of one abandoned, plaintive, most tender tones as of the *solitario passero*. The charm worked: vague uneasiness was melting into delicious melancholy. He redoubled his efforts: he drew out tinkling notes joyful as the feet of dancers; he struck notes like fire, and, uniting his voice to the instrument, sang the glories of Venice and of Titian. His voice, full, mellow, exultant, vibrated through the room; and, when it ceased, the bravos of his friends rang out an enthusiastic chorus.

Then, more stirring than the snap of castanets, on dexterous fingers; more fascinating, more ominous than a snake's rattle, sounded the music of the dice-box.

The stakes were high, waxing higher

and higher; the tide of fortune set steadily towards Titian. Giannuccione laughed and played, played and laughed with reckless good-nature, doubling and redoubling his bets apparently quite at random. At length, however, he paused, yawned, laid down the dice, observing that it would cost him a good six months' toil to pay off his losses—a remark which elicited a peculiar smile of intelligence from his companions—and, lounging backwards upon the cushions, fell fast asleep.

Gianni also had been a loser: Gianni the imperturbable, who won and lost alike with steady hand, and unvarying color. Rumor stated that one evening he lost, won back, lost once more, and finally regained his whole property unmoved: at last only relinquishing the game, which fascinated, but could not excite him, for lack of an adversary.

In like manner he now threw his possessions, as coolly as if they been another's, piecemeal into the gulph. First his money went, then his collection of choice sketches; his gondola followed, his plate, his jewelry. These gone, for the first time he laughed.

"Come," he said, "*amico mio*, let us throw the crowning cast. I stake thereon myself; if you win, you may sell me to the Moor to-morrow, with the remnant of my patrimony; to wit, one house containing various articles of furniture, and apparel; yea, if aught else remains to me, that also do I stake: against these set you your newborn beauty, and let us throw for the last time; lest it be said clogged dice are used in Venice, and I be taunted with the true proverb—'*Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies*.'"

"So be it," mused Titian, "even so. If I gain, my friend shall not suffer: if I lose, I can but buy back my treasure with this night's winnings. His whole fortune will stand Gianni in more stead than my picture; moreover, luck favors me. Besides, it can only be that my friend jests, and would try my confidence."

So, argued Titian, heated by success, by wine, and play. But for these, he would freely have restored his adversary's fortune, though it had been multiplied tenfold, and again tenfold, rather than have risked his life's labor on the hazard of the dice.

They threw.

Luck had turned, and Gianni was successful.

Titian, nothing doubting, laughed as he looked up from the table into his companion's face; but no shadow of jesting lingered there. Their eyes met, and read each other's heart at a glance.

One discerned the gnawing envy of a life satiated: a thousand mortifications, a thousand inferiorities, compensated in a moment.

The other read an indignation that even yet scarcely realized the treachery which kindled it: a noble indignation that more upbraided the false friend, than the destroyer of a life's hope.

It was a nine days' wonder in Venice what had become of Titian's masterpiece; who had spirited it away, why, when, and where. Some explained the mystery by hinting that Clementina Benepiacida, having gained secret access to the great master's studio, had there, by dint of scissors,

avenged her slighted beauty, and in effigy defaced her nutbrown rival. Others said that Giannuccione, paying tipsy homage to his friend's performance, had marred its yet moist surface. Others again averred, that in a moment of impatience, Titian's own sponge flung against the canvas, had irretrievably blurred the principal figure. None knew, none guessed the truth. Wonder fulfilled its little day, and then, subsiding, was forgotten: having, it may be, after all, as truly amused Venice the volatile, as any work of art could have done, though it had robbed sunset of its glow, its glory, and its fire.

But why was the infamy of that night kept secret?

By Titian, because in blazoning abroad his companion's treachery, he would subject himself to the pity of those from whom he scarcely accepted homage: and, in branding Gianni as a traitor, he would expose himself as a dupe.

By Gianni, because had the truth got wind, his iniquitous prize might have been wrested from him, and his malice frustrated in the moment of triumph: not to mention that vengeance had a subtler relish when it kept back a successful rival from the pinnacle of fame, than when it merely exposed a friend to humiliation. As artists, they might possibly have been accounted rivals; as astute men of the world, never.

Giannuccione had not witnessed all the transactions of that night. Thanks to his drunken sleep, he knew little; and what he guessed, Titian's urgency induced him to suppress. It was, indeed, noticed how, from that time forward, two of the three inseparables appeared in a measure estranged from each other: yet all outward observances of courtesy were continued, and, if handshakes had ceased, bows and doffings never failed.

For weeks, even for months, Gianni restrained his love for play, and, painting diligently, labored to rebuild his shattered fortune. All prospered in his hands. His sketches sold with unprecedented readiness, his epigrams charmed the noblest dinner-givers, his verses and piquant little airs won him admission into the most exclusive circles. Withal he seemed to be steady. His name, no more pointed stories of drunken frolics in the purlieus of the city, of mad wagers in the meanest company, of reckless duels with nameless adversaries. If now he committed follies, they were committed in the best society: if he sinned, it was at any rate, in a patrician casa; and, though his morals might not yet be flawless, his taste was unimpeachable. His boon companions grumbled, yet could not afford to do without him: his warmest friends revived hopes which long ago had died away into despair. It was the hey-day of his life: fortune and Venice alike courted him; he had but to sun himself in their smiles, and accept their favors.

So, nothing loth, he did; and for a while prospered. But, as the extraordinary stimulus flagged, the extraordinary energy flagged with it. Leisure returned, and with leisure the allurements of old pursuits. In proportion, as his expenditure increased, his gains lessened: and, just when all his property, in fact, belonged to his creditors, he put the finishing stroke to his obvious ruin, by staking and losing at the gambling-table, what was no longer his own.

That night beheld Gianni grave, dignified, imperturbable, and a beggar. Next day, his creditors, princely and plebeian, would be upon him: everything must go; not a scrap, not a fragment, could be held back. Even Titian's masterpiece would be claimed; that prize for which he had played away his soul, by which, it may be, he had hoped to acquire a world-wide fame, when its mighty author should be silenced for ever in the dust.

Yet to-morrow, not to-night, would be the day of reckoning; to-night, therefore, was his own. With a cool head he conceived, with a steady hand he executed his purpose. Taking coarse pigments, such as when he pleased, might easily be removed, he daubed over those figures which seemed to live, and that wonderful background, which not Titian himself could reproduce; then on the blank surface he painted a dragon, flaming, clawed, preposterous. One day, he would recover his dragon, recover his Titian under the dragon, and the world should see.

Next morning the crisis came.

After all, Gianni's effects were worth more than had been supposed. They included Giannuccione's *Venus whipping Cupid*—how obtained, who knows?—a curiously wrought cup, by a Florentine goldsmith, just then rising into notice; within the hollow of the foot was engraved *Benevento Cellini*, surmounted by an outstretched hand, symbolic of welcome, and quaintly allusive to the name: a dab by Giorgione, a scribble of the brush by Titian, and two feet square of genuine Tintoret. The creditors brightened: there was not enough for honesty, but there was ample for the production of a most decorous bankrupt.

His wardrobe was a study of color: his trinkets, few but choice, were of priceless good taste. Moreover, his demeanor was faultless, and his delinquencies came to light with the best grace imaginable. Some called him a defaulter, but all admitted he was a thorough gentleman.

Foremost in the hostile ranks stood Titian; Titian, who now, for the first time since the fatal evening, crossed his rival's threshold. His eye searched eagerly among the heap of nameless canvases for one unforgotten beauty, who had occasioned him such sore heartache; but he sought in vain: only in the forefront sprawled a dragon, flaming, clawed, preposterous; grinned, twinkled, erected his tail, and flouted him.

"Yes," said Gianni, answering his looks, not words, yet seeming to address the whole circle; "*Signori miei*, these compose all my gallery. An immortal sketch, by Messer Tiziano"—here a complimentary bow—"a veritable Giorgione; your own work, Messer Robusti, which needs no comment of mine to fix its value. A few productions by feeble hands, yet not devoid of merit. These are all. The most precious part of my collection was destroyed (I need not state, accidentally), three days ago by fire. That dragon, yet moist, was designed for mine host, Bevilacqua Mangiaruva; but this morning, I hear with deep concern, of his sudden demise."

Here Lupo Vorace of the *Orco decapitato* stepped forward. He, as he explained at length, was a man of few words (this doubtless in theory), but to make a long story short, so charmed was he by the

scaly monster that he would change his sign, accept the ownerless dragon, and thereby wipe out a voluminous score which stood against his debtor. Gianni, with courteous thanks, explained that the dragon, still moist, was unfit for immediate transport; that it should remain in the studio for a short time longer; and that, as soon as its safety permitted, he would himself, convey it to the inn of his liberal creditor. But on this point Lupo was inflexible. In diffuse but unvarying terms he claimed instant possession of Gianni's masterpiece. He seized it, reared it face upwards on to his head, and by his exit broke up the conclave of creditors.

What remains can be briefly told.

Titian, his last hope in this direction wrecked, returned—to achieve, indeed, fresh greatnesses—but not the less returned to the tedium of straining after an ideal once achieved, but now lost for ever. Giannuccione, half-amused, half-mortified, at the slighting mention made of his performances, revenged himself in an epigram of which, the following is a free translation:—

Gianni my friend and I both strove to excel,
But, missing better, settled down in well.
Both fail, indeed, but not alike we fail—
My forte being Venus' face, and his a dragon's tail.

Gianni in his ruin, took refuge with a former friend: and there treated, almost on the footing a friend, employed his superabundant leisure in composing a dragon superior in all points to its predecessor, but, when this was almost completed, this which was to ransom his unsuspected treasure from the clutches of Lupo, the more relentless clutches of death fastened upon himself.

His secret died with him.

An oral tradition of a somewhere extant lost Titian, having survived all historical accuracy and so descended to another age, misled the learned Dr. Landau into purchasing a spurious work for the Gallery of Lunenberg; and even more recently induced Dr. Britzka to expend a large sum on a nominal Titian, which he afterwards bequeathed to the National Museum of Saxe Eulenstein. The subject of this latter painting, is a *Vintage of red grapes*, full of life and vigor, exhibiting marked talent, but clearly assignable to the commencement of a later century.

There remains, however, a hope that some happy accident may yet restore to the world the masterpiece of one of her most brilliant sons.

Reader, should you chance to discern over wayside inn or metropolitan hotel, a dragon pendant, or should you find such an effigy amid the lumber of a broker's shop, whether it be red, green, or piebald, demand it importunately, pay for it liberally, and in the privacy of home scrub it. It may be, that from behind the Dragon, may emerge a fair one, fairer than Andromeda, and that to you may appertain the honor of yet further exalting Titian's greatness in the eyes of a world.

C. G. R.

It seldom or never happens, that a man of sense, who has experience in any art, cannot judge of its beauty; and it is no less rare to meet with a man who has a just taste without a sound understanding.—HUME.

THE

MASTER-WORKERS IN MOSAIC.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of Madame Dudevant.)

XVI.

THE Inquisition was a power so mysterious, and so absolute, there was so much danger in attempting to penetrate its secrets, and so difficult an undertaking, that three days after St. Mark's no one spoke of the Zuccati. The report of Francesco's arrest spread quickly, but it subsided like a wave that dies upon the silent and desert strand. The smallest rock would repel and anger it, but an expanse of sand for a long time levelled and wasted by storms, receives the wave tacitly, and there all strength is annihilated for lack of a life-giving re-action. Such was Venice. The restless effervescence, the natural curiosity of its people dissolved like the vain foam of the flood upon the steps of the Ducal palace; and the sombre waters which ebbed and flowed within its vaults bore away every hour a trace of blood, whose unknown source lay in the deepest interior of that silent receptacle.

The Plague came also to fill every soul with terror and dismay. Works of every kind were entirely suspended, and the schools were dispersed. Marini was one of the first attacked, and he laid still struggling against a long and painful convalescence. Ceccato had lost one of his children, and was attending upon an almost dying wife. The enmity of the Bianchini was suspended for a time by the fear of death. Bozza had disappeared.

Old Sebastian Zuccato withdrew into the country on the very day of St. Mark, at the conclusion of the games, through ill-humor at what he termed the extravagance and false ambition of his sons. He was completely ignorant of their misfortune, and felt indignant at their not coming as usual to soften his anger by respectful attentions.

The plague, having somewhat abated its malignity, old Zuccato feared at last that his sons might have become its victims. He went to Venice, determined upon scolding his sons; but, full of anxiety and the more angrily disposed towards them, because he felt how impossible it was for him not to love them. It must not be imagined from the scene in the basilica, that Sebastian had become reconciled to mosaic work. He was still exasperated against this description of labor and against those who gave themselves up to it. If he had experienced, in spite of himself, that effect which great things produce upon the artist-soul; if he had pressed his children to his bosom and shed upon them tears of tenderness, he had not for all that surrendered any of his prejudices in regard to the preëminence of certain branches of art; and, even if willing to do so, he would not be the master to abandon at the close of his career, the cherished ideas of his entire life. The only thing which consoled him was the hope of seeing Francesco some day renounce this vile trade, and return to his easel. With the intention, therefore, of renewing his exhortations, he betook himself to the basilica, thinking to find him there, engaged upon some other cupola. But he found the basilica draped